

# The Greene County Republican.

WITH MALICE TOWARDS NONE, WITH CHARITY FOR ALL, WITH FIRMNESS IN THE RIGHT AS GOD GIVES US TO SEE THE RIGHT.—Lincoln.

A Family Paper—Devoted to Politics, Literature, Foreign, Home and Miscellaneous News, &c., &c.

VOL. IX.

WAYNESBURG, PA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 16, 1866.

NO. 49.

## The Republican.

JAS. E. SAYERS,  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

OFFICE IN WILSON'S BUILDING, MAIN STREET.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.  
Two dollars a year, payable in advance. One dollar for three months, and 50 cents for six months, in advance.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.  
Advertisements inserted at \$1.50 per square for three insertions, and 20 cents a square for each additional insertion; (ten lines or less counted as a square.)

Local advertising and Notices, 10 cents per line for one insertion, with a liberal deduction made to yearly advertisers.

Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions desired, charged for until ordered out.

Obituary notices and tributes of respect inserted as advertisements. They must be paid for in advance.

I. O. of O. F.  
HOSHIMKA LODGE,  
No. 559.

A. B. MILBURN, N. G. HARVEY DAY, V. G.  
The above named lodge meets in Gaudin's Hall on Thursday evening of each week, in Waynesburg, Pa. D. BUCHANAN, Sec. D. R. P. HUSS, Treas.

W. E. GAPEN,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
WAYNESBURG, PA.

OFFICE—In N. Clark's building, Feb. 10, 1866.

A. MCOSSELL, J. J. HUFFMAN,  
MCOSSELL & HUFFMAN,  
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,  
Waynesburg, Pa.

OFFICE in the "Wright House," East Square.—Collectors, &c., will receive prompt attention.  
Waynesburg, Pa., Oct. 26, 1862.—H.

R. W. DOWNEY,  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,  
Office in Ledwith's Building, opposite the Court House, Waynesburg, Pa.  
Nov. 4, 1865.—H.

GEO. W. WYLY, J. J. BUCHANAN,  
WYLY & BUCHANAN,  
ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW

OFFICE in the old Bank Building, Waynesburg, Pa.  
February 24, 1863.—H.

T. W. ROSS, J. T. HARLESS,  
ROSS & HARLESS,  
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS.

OFFICE in Jewell's building, West end of Main street, Waynesburg, Pa. apl. 17

T. P. MITCHELL,  
Shoemaker!

Main St., nearly opposite Wright House.

I S prepared to do stitched and pegged work, from the coarsest to the finest; also, puts up the latest style of Boots and Shoes. Cobbling done on reasonable terms. May 2, 66.

W. H. HUFFMAN,  
MERCHANT TAILOR,  
ROOM IN BEACHLEY'S BUILDING, WAYNESBURG.

WORK made to order, in finest and best style. Cutting and Fitting done promptly, and according to latest fashion plates. Stock on hand and for sale. May 2, 66.

Wm. Bailey,  
WATCHES AND JEWELRY.

MAIN STREET, OPPOSITE WRIGHT HOUSE.  
KEEPS ON HAND ALWAYS A choice and select assortment of watches and jewelry. Repairing done at the lowest rates. apl. 17

DENTISTRY.  
TETHI TEETH TEETH  
DR. S. S. PATTON informs the public that after February 1st, 1864, he will be at Waynesburg, when his dental services will be tendered to any and all making application.

He is now extracting teeth positively without pain, and fitting new ones in perfection, and restores decayed ones to soundness. He invites all who are suffering from diseased teeth to come and have their aches relieved, and their mouths filled with gold.  
January 26, 1864.—H.

N. G. HUGHES,  
SADDLER AND HARNESS MAKER,  
Main St., nearly opposite Wright House.

READY made work on hand, and having secured the services of two first-class workmen he is prepared to execute all orders in the neatest and best style. May 2, 66.

THIRST NO MORE!  
GO TO  
"Joe" Turner's

HE HAS JUST OPENED A  
NEW SALOON!!  
Keeps Good Rye Whiskey, Brandy of all kinds, Gin, Wine, Ale, &c. And has the wherewithal to put up Fancy Drinks, Call and see him in the brick part of the Adams Inn.  
apr 26—66

Whiskers  
FORCED TO GROW  
On the Smoothest Face!  
BY  
CHARLES HICKEY,  
No. 5, Campbell's Row,  
aug 30, 65—WAYNESBURG, PA.

[Published by Request.]  
"UNDER THE DAISIES."

Fair spring comes on with her fragrant breath,  
And the flowers wake from their sleep of death;

Opening the violet's dewy eyes,  
O'er the mound where our dead one lies,  
Under the daisies.

Only a year ago to-day,  
Since they laid him down in the cold damp clay;

Away from the heart strings wrung with woe,  
Away from the eyes that loved him so,  
Under the daisies.

Only a year on its pinions fleet;  
But the smile has flown that made life sweet,  
The strong, firm hand, the determined brow,  
And the brave, true heart are sleeping now  
Under the daisies.

Alas! for the eyes that grew so dim;  
The mother's heart that has bled for him,  
The weary days, and the watch she keeps,  
Till they bring him home—dead! Ah, he sleeps  
Under the daisies.

The sunbeams rest on the lovely mound,  
And the light grass waves o'er the hallow ground,  
While the distant wavelets' foamy crest  
Murmurs a requiem as he rests,  
Under the daisies.

Like the tinted shell of the ocean shore,  
Our hearts sigh on for the hopes no more;  
And the lips must smile, though affection cries  
For the buried love that calmly lies  
Under the daisies.

God pity the hearts that like ours are sore,  
For the faces dear that may come no more,  
Thank God! that they brought him home to us,  
That his dear head lies 'mid his kindred dust  
Under the daisies.

O war, with thy stern, relentless hand,  
Thou hast passed along o'er our peaceful land,  
Plucking the dearest from many a hearth,  
Laying them down in the chilly earth  
Under the daisies.

Under the daisies! he is not there;  
His pure soul lives in our Father's care;  
But we cherish all that is left below—  
The quiet grave where the daisies grow.

Praying the links of riven chain  
By our Saviour's hand may be joined again,  
And look, 'mid tears, to the home on high,  
Where redeemed souls meet when our bodies lie  
Under the daisies.

MY LUCK IN A TUNNEL.

I am an old miner. Not one of the now-a-days Washoe and Nevada stripe, but an old forty-nine California miner. I have been engaged in all descriptions of mining transactions, except the new fangled one of mining stock in compa-

ny of rather forebode character, quite customary and common in that region and period, I raised myself to my feet again, and, picking up the bucket, was about to retrace my steps to the river, when my attention was attracted by a folded paper, which had been placed under the stone causing my fall.

When my foot tripped, the stone was overturned, and the paper, folded in letter-form, lay exposed to view. Bending over, I picked it up, and proceeded to examine it. It was written with pencil, in characters very irregular and stiffly formed, as if made by a person with a wounded hand. The contents were as follows:

"If this letter should fall into the hands of any person, I wish to inform them that I have been attacked and mortally wounded by my two partners, who wished to obtain my money. Failing to discover it, after wounding me, they have fled, leaving me here to die. Whoever gets this letter will find, buried in a ravine at the foot of a 'blazed' tree, twenty five pieces due north of this, a bag containing five thousand dollars in gold dust. That it may prove more fortunate property to him than it has to me, is the hope of ANDREW INDUS."

I stood for some minutes after reading the letter like one awakened from a dream. I could not convince myself that the letter in my hand was a genuine document, and read it over and over again, thinking I might get some clue from the handwriting to the real author.

It might be a trick got up by my partners, to raise a laugh at my expense—No; the place where it was found, and the purely accidental discovery, rendered such a surmise very improbable. I sat down on a log, and turned the matter over and over in my mind for some time. At last I got up, and paced off the required distance in the direction mentioned in the letter. I came to a large tree. Carefully examining it, I discovered a scar, clearly indicating that the tree had been "blazed" at some remote period. This was "confirmation strong as proof of Holy Writ," and I immediately undertook to discover the locality of the ravine. Here I was at fault. Nothing of the kind was to be seen. To all appearances, a stream of water never had passed in the neighborhood of the tree. This was not encouraging; and I sat down on the ground and red the letter again, to see if I had not mistaken some of its directions. No; I was in the right place; but where was the ravine?

A tap on my shoulder aroused me from my meditations, and on looking up, I saw my two partners, who loudly berated me for having neglected the preparation of their supper. As an excuse, I showed them the letter, and detailed the manner of my finding it. To my surprise they were as much excited by its perusal as I had been, and we all looked around perseveringly for the ravine, but without effect for some time. At last, Jack Nesbit, who had been a miner since '48, said:

"I think there has been a ravine here but it has been filled up by the rains."

On close examination we decided that his supposition was correct, and after some consultation we determined that we would commence digging the next morning.

Morning came and we repaired to the spot with pick and shovel. Jack proposed that we should follow the course of the ravine, which appeared to run into the body of the hill, rather than to dig down, for, as he said, we would be more likely to find the bag in the bed of the ravine, by following it up, than by digging down in any one place. The result was, that in a few days we had formed quite a cave in the side of the hill.

We worked at this tunnel for four days without finding the bag. On the fourth day, Jack proposed that he and my other partner, Bill Jennings, should carry the dirt we had excavated down to the river, and wash it, leaving me to dig in the tunnel. In that way, they thought, we might at last "make grub," while searching for the hidden money.

I thought the idea foolish, but as they had entered so eagerly into my views regarding the buried bag of dust, I made no objection to the plan, and dug away with redoubled energy. In fact, I had thought so much about the object of our search, that I had become utterly regardless of almost everything else. I had not meant it when sleeping, mused on it when waking, and it had obtained complete control of my mind. Day after day we worked—I digging, my companions washing; yet, strange to say, I did not become discouraged. They said nothing about the bag of gold dust; and I asked them nothing about the result of their washing the excavated dirt.

We had worked about three weeks, and had formed a tunnel extending about fifteen feet into the hill, when one afternoon, completely tired out I sat down to rest in the cave. I had only intended to sit a little while, but five minutes had not elapsed ere I was fast asleep. I was awakened by a crash, and found my feet and legs completely covered by a mass of dirt and stones. The front part of the tunnel had fallen in, and I was in a manner buried alive. About ten feet of the tunnel remained firm, and from my observation of its structure prior to the accident, I was convinced that I had no reason to apprehend any danger in that quarter.

My partners had carried dirt enough to the river to keep them busy there for the rest of the day; so I had nothing to hope from their assistance. The question that first presented itself to my mind was, how long can life be sustained in this confined state? I had read, a dozen times, statistics in relation to the amount of air consumed hourly by a human being, lungs, but, alike almost every body else, had merely wondered at the time and then forgot the figures. How

much I would have given then to be able to recall them! The next thought was, how can I be able to extricate myself? This question was difficult of solution. It went to work with shovel and pick to clear away the dirt that had fallen, it was extremely likely that all which I should be able to remove would be immediately replaced by that which would fall from above. This was pleasant! I racked my brain to devise some means of liberating myself, but without effect. Leaning against the wall in utter despondency, I was about to throw myself on the ground and wait my fate, when I observed quite a current of water, on a small scale, was making its way down the side of the cave. At first I was alarmed, as I thought it might loosen the dirt above and bring down another mass on my head. The next moment, the thought struck me that it might be tuned to my advantage. Why could I not so direct it that it would wash away sufficient earth in its progress to the outlet of the cave to admit the air, and perhaps make an opening large enough to allow me to crawl out through it? Even if I only succeeded in making an air hole, it would enable me to exist till my partners could come to my assistance. Carefully examining the course of the water, I succeeded in finding the spot where it entered the cave, and to my great joy ascertained that I could easily direct it, by cutting a channel out of the side of my prison to the mass of earth that blocked up the entrance to the tunnel.

The air at this time was quite close and stifling, and I became aware that whatever was to be done must be done quietly or I should perish for want of oxygen. After I had cut a channel for the water to flow toward the entrance, I enlarged the opening by which the stream entered the cave, and was delighted to observe that it flowed with redoubled force. Taking my shovel, I pushed it through the moistened earth as far as I was able and then awaited further action of the water. In a few minutes I was enabled to push it still farther, till at last it was out of my reach. Then placing my pickhandle against it, I pushed both as far as I could. With what eagerness did I watch to see the first opening made by the water! At first I was swallowed up by the earth, but I was soon gratified by observing that it flowed in a steady stream in the direction in which I had pushed the pick and shovel.

In a few minutes I observed a faint glimmering in the distance, which might be an opening or the effect of an excited imagination, I scarcely knew which. But the doubt soon resolved itself into certainty, and an opening some five inches in diameter speedily disclosed itself. Larger and larger grew the opening; lump after lump of earth was washed away by the stream, till the channel became large enough for me to place my head in it and halloo lustily for assistance. Just as I was drawing my head back, I caught sight of a buckskin bag. Hastily seizing it, I found it was the one we had been in search of, and which, but for the accident, I would never have found.

Wishing to surprise my comrades I concealed it, and redoubled my cries. In a few minutes they came running up the hill, and soon liberated me from my unpleasant position.

"Well Ned," said Jack, as he shook me by the hand, "I'm glad your share, old fellow—the more so, as Bill and I have been deceiving you a little. You know we have been trying all the summer to get you to go into the tunneling operation, and you have only laugh at us."

"Yes," said I wondering what would come next.

"Well, when you found that letter, Bill and I made up our minds to go into the job with you; not in the hope of finding any bag but we knew you would work twice as hard with such an inducement, intending meanwhile, to wash the excavated dirt. This we have done, and my boy, we have never made less than three hundred dollars any day since we commenced."

"Then you think the bag a humbug, do you?"

"Why, of course," said he.

"Well, I don't, and I intend to go on looking for it."

"Now what's the use of being foolish," quoth Bill Jennings. "We've got as much dirt as we can wash for some time

and it pays. I can't see the use of continuing such a wild goose chase as the hunt for that bag."

"Be that as it may," said I, "I intend to follow it up."

Bill and Jack conferred together a while, and then the former said:

"Well, Ned, we might as well tell you first as last. I wrote that letter in order to get you to go into tunneling."

"And the 'blazed' tree," said I, "how about that? The 'blaze' is certainly two years old."

Jack hesitated. "Why, you see," said he, "we found that tree, and wrote the letter to suit it."

"Then what do you think of this?" asked I, showing them the bag I had found in the cave.

Jack was nonplussed. On opening the bag, we found about three thousand dollars. Jack never would own up, but always insisted that the variance between the statement in the letter and the amount in the bag was proof enough that the letter and it had no connection with each other. I don't think so, however, and I believe that Jack's assertion of having written the letter was untrue. We never could ascertain anything about Mr. Indus, so we divided the money among us.

## THE MEMPHIS RIOT.

BURNING OF COLORED SCHOOL HOUSES AND CHURCHES.

BLACKS MURDERED IN COLD BLOOD.

WOMEN BURNT ALIVE.

INTERPOSITION OF THE MILITARY.

[From the Memphis Post, May 1.]

The riot was kept up all Wednesday night. Crowds of armed citizens were gathered at the corners. Many were half drunk. The great feat of the rioters was the burning of the colored school houses, churches and homes. They seem to have acted in concert, and to have carried out a programme which had been previously arranged. This is shown by the clean sweep which was made of every building used for a colored school or place of worship by the colored people, not most strongly by the conduct of the rioters on the burning of the Collins Chapel. This colored church stands on Washington street, and cost \$7,000.

After getting this well under the control of the flames, the leader of the desperadoes called upon them to "fall in," which was done in a style which would have reflected credit upon any military organization, and proceeded to a blacksmith shop on Alabama street, near Bull Run, which, as it belonged to a peaceable black man, was burned. We have received the names of quite a number who shared the glories of this part of the field, but whether they participated in setting the fires in other parts of the city we do not know.

Loud and repeated threats were made by the rioters that when they had destroyed the colored school houses they would kill the teachers. The threats were so violent, and the rioters having shown themselves capable of any brutality, it was deemed prudent that they should go North. They all left for Cairo on the St. Louis packet. Many of the officers on duty here sent their wives away with these ladies.

An attempt was made to burn Colwell's Hall, near the corner of Gayoso and Third Streets. This hall belongs to a wealthy and influential colored man, from whom it takes its name, and is the most frequently used by the colored people for public meetings. The windows and doors were broken down, and the chandeliers and light furniture destroyed. The seats were piled up together and set on fire. Some whites in the neighborhood, however, succeeded in putting it out before serious damage was done.

A house near Mr. Rankin's school house, which was burned on Tuesday, was fired during the night. A colored girl seventeen years of age, named Rachel Hatchell, who had been a scholar of Mr. Rankin's was sick in this house, and on running out was knocked down, shot, and thrown into the fire. Her body lay in the ashes yesterday morning burned to a crisp, except her head and shoulders. Some one had kindly thrown a shawl over this horrid spectacle.—Coroner Erickson, on making inquest upon the body, found the report true

that she was shot before being thrown into the fire.

A grocery kept by an old colored man in South Memphis was broken into and robbed, and he killed in his bed. He was to be seen lying in bed in just the posture in which he was killed yesterday morning.

A large number of houses in South Memphis, occupied by the blacks, and some in other parts of the city, were burned. No effort was made to stay the flames. In one case four negroes were fastened up in a house and the house set on fire.

A colored man on Alabama street, informs us that his house was broken into and about two hundred dollars in money taken, and he beaten over the head, and the same party broke into his neighbor's house, killed him, locked the wife and children in the house, set it on fire and burned it down.

A colored woman named Rhoda Jacobs, while lying in bed with her child at her home in South Memphis, was shot in the breast.

John Mason (colored) was shot in the head while in his house in the same neighborhood. His money was then demanded of his wife. She replied that they had none. The house was then searched, and everything of any value taken. Indeed, robbing seems to have been as much the object of the rioters as negro killing. One negro was asked if he had any arms, and on his answering that he had not, a pistol was placed to his head and his money demanded.—Twenty-eight dollars was taken out of a trunk broken into in the house of Becky Pleasant, in South Memphis.

We heard the particulars of the robbing of from ten to twelve negroes, from the parties themselves. The sums taken ran from the most trifling up to three hundred dollars. One said he was ordered by a policeman on the corner of Beal and De Soto to give up his money and his weapons. A colored man living in the northern portion of the town, says they entered his house on pretense of searching for arms, and killed his mother an old colored woman in her bed.

Two or three negroes were shot in Chelsea.

Six or seven houses occupied by negroes were burned on Echols street.

A building, now private property, but formerly belonging to the Government, was burned on Gayoso, east of De Soto street.

The grocery at 51 Causey street, belonging to a colored man, was entered and robbed of half its contents.

Bob Church (colored) was shot in his saloon, on De Soto street.

A colored man named Cook, a porter in a store on Main street, was shot near the corner of Main and Exchange streets.

A colored boy on Main street had his brains beaten out.

A shot was fired at a negro man who was quietly looking through the grating in front of the billiard saloon in the Gayoso House. The ball missed him, and passed in close proximity to two of the players.

The body of a negro, who had been shot, lay in the morning at the corner of Hernando and Beal streets.

An attempt was made to fire every Government building in town. In one that was burned it is said that an immense amount of Quartermaster's stores were destroyed.

The carnival of blood and fire continued the whole night. The sky was continually lit up, sometimes by one, and again by four or five fires in different parts of the city at a time. Crowds of armed rioters were moving up and down the streets, firing, shooting and threatening negroes and Union men.—The Post was repeatedly threatened with violence. Friends inform us that at one time a crowd up Masa street, seemed to have been fully decided that the "damned Yankee nigger-sympathizing Post" should be wiped out, and that they were the ones to do it. The only call we received, however from these lovers of a free press, were from two ruffians who fired at the building, and ran with all their might. No damage was done.

The rioters seemed determined to repeat the tragedy last night by attacking the teachers of colored schools, the colored ministers and Yankees generally.

Although the city was generally quiet the assaults and robbery of negroes continued. A colored man named Louis Bennett, who had just come on a boat

from Mound City, was asked on the levee where he was from. He replied that he was from Mound City. They called him a "smoked Yankee," robbed him of his watch and money, broke his arm, beat him over the head and kicked him off.

Robert Jones (colored) had just come in from the country, and was standing on the corner of Beal and Causey streets in the forenoon. A man, appearing to be a policeman, took his pistol and twenty nine dollars in money, and as he turned to leave, thrust a knife in his back, under the shoulder blade. Another, standing by, known to be a policeman, made no arrest of the robber.

A colored man named Bob, who works at Mr. Odell's livery stable, was stoned as he was passing the Eugene House near the corner of Adams and Main streets. He hastened to get out of the way, but was shot in the leg.

A negro was shot in the knee near the corner of Howard's Row and the levee. This was done by a well known individual for the sake of amusement, and was laughed at by the citizens who saw it.

A large number of armed men from the country arrived on the morning train. They hoped to have a hand in putting down a great negro insurrection. Very general quiet was however maintained.

Yesterday morning found the city quietly dozing after the long night's excitement. South Memphis was nearly destroyed. Dead bodies of negroes were found here and there in the streets. The violence during the night had been altogether confined to the whites. Indeed, it is said that freemen can be identified who were riding about town on horses, belonging to the War Department, and who fired some of the houses. It is reported that numbers of the police joined the rioters.

The following notice was published in the afternoon as the result of a meeting of a number of citizens:

TO THE PUBLIC:  
At a meeting of the citizens of Memphis, held this day, W. B. Greenlaw was appointed Chairman, and R. C. Brinkley Secretary. The following resolutions were unanimously passed:

Resolved, That the Mayor of the city with the Sheriff of the county, together with the Chairman of this meeting, be authorized to summon a force of the citizens of sufficient number, to act in connection with the military, placed at the disposal of the Mayor by Gen. Stoneman which, together, shall constitute a patrol for the protection of the city, to serve such time as the Mayor, Sheriff and Chairman of the meeting shall direct.

Resolved, That the Mayor be requested to close all liquor saloons until further orders.

Resolved, That the Chairman, J. H. McMahon, S. P. Walker and R. C. Brinkley, be requested to wait upon General Stoneman and inform him of the proceedings of this meeting.

W. B. GREENLAW, Chairman.  
R. C. BRINKLEY, Secretary.

The above proceedings have my cordial approbation, and are published for the information of the citizens.

JOHN PANK, Mayor.  
Memphis, May 3, 1866.

Maj. Gen. Stoneman, evidently satisfied that a Memphis posse was a riot in itself, sent the following order to the Mayor:

HQ'S. DEPT. OF TENN.,  
MEMPHIS, May 3, 1866.

To the Mayor, City Council and all Civil Officers of the County of Shelby and City of Memphis:

Gentlemen:—Circumstances compel the undersigned to interfere with the civil affairs of the city of Memphis.

It is forbidden for any person, without authority from these headquarters, to assemble together any posse, armed or unarmed, white or colored. This does not include the police force of the city, and will not as long as they can be relied upon as preservers of the peace.

I am, gentlemen,  
Very respectfully,  
Your Obedt Servt.,  
GEORGE STONEMAN.

Maj. Gen. Commanding.

The order of Gen. Stoneman gave great satisfaction.

The 4th U. S. Regular Cavalry arrived late in the afternoon, and a strong patrol was placed in the city. There were a few pistol shots in various parts of the city, and more especially frequent over toward the Charleston depot, but there was no fire nor disturbance.